ADVICE:

A

SATIRE.

Sed podice levi
Ceduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariſcæ.---
O Proceres! cenſore opus eſt an haruſpice nobis?

JUVENAL.

LONDON:

Printed for GEORGE FREER, at the *Bible* in *Bell-Yard*, near *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]

A DVICE:

A

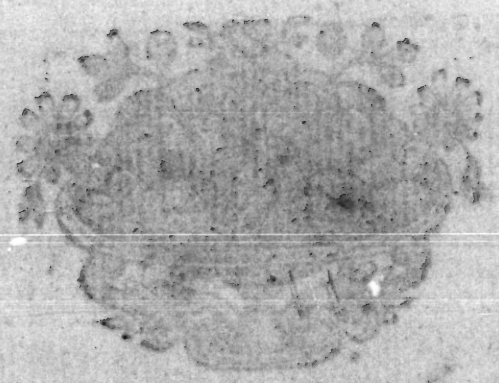
SATIRE.

Sed pudice loci

Cedunt tunicæ modico rubore Matronæ.---

O Proceres! cernere opus est an barbyke nobis?

JUVENAL.



LONDON:

Printed for GEORGE ROBERTS, at the Bible in Bell-Yard, near Temple-Bar. MDCCXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]

ADVICE:

A SATIRE.

TO

POET, FRIEND.

P. ENough, enough; all this we knew before:
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who ſo much to ſenſe and glory loſt,
Will hug the curſe that not one joy can boaſt?
From the pale hag, O teach me to get looſe;
Divorc'd! all hell ſhall not retie the nooſe!
Not with more care ſhall *Hume* avoid his wife,
Not *Cope* fly ſwifter, laſhing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

Fr. Exert your Talents; Nature, ever kind,
Enough

8. *Not* C—pe *fly ſwifter.*] A General famous for an expeditious retreat, tho' not quite ſo deliberate as that of the ten thouſand *Greeks* from *Perſia*; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Enough for happineſs, beſtows on all;
'Tis ſloth or pride that finds her gifts too ſmall---
Why ſleeps the muſe? ---is there no room for praiſe,
When ſuch bright names in conſtellation blaze?
When ſage *Newcaſtle* abſtinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the State;
And *Grafton* tow'ring *Atlas* of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Grenville and *Bath* illuſtrious, need I name
For ſober dignity and ſpotleſs fame;
Or *Pitt* th' unſhaken *Abdiel* yet unſung;
Thy candour, *Cholmly!* and thy truth, O *Yonge!*

P. Th' advice is good; the queſtion only, whether
Theſe names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more's the poet's claim
That can create as well as cheriſh fame.

But

15. *When ſage* N——wc——tle, &c.] Alluding to the philoſophical contempt which this great perſonage manifeſts for the ſenſual delights of the ſtomach.

17. *And* Gr—ft—n *tow'ring* Atlas *of the throne*, &c.] This Noble Peer, remarkable for ſublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, conferred the laureat on *C—lly C—bb—r*, Eſq; a delectable bard, whoſe character has already employed, together with his own, the greateſt pens of the age.

19. Gr—nv—le *and* B—th, &c.] Two Noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the ſcorn and reproach of their country.

21. *Or* P—t *th' unſhaken* Abdiel, &c.] *Abdiel*, according to *Milton*, was the only ſeraph that preſerved his integrity in the midſt of corruption——

Among innumerable, falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd——

But one thing more,—how loud muſt I repeat,
To gain th' ingag'd attention of the Great,
Amus'd, perhaps, with *C*——'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidſt the tranſports of a drum;
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradeſmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Heſperian dragon not more fierce of old,
By ev'ry charm unmov'd, but that of gold:
Thus at hell gates th' affrighted ſhade muſt drop
For ev'ry mouth of *Cerberus*, a ſop.
Ev'n *Atticus*, (ſo wills the voice of Fate)
Inſhrines in clouded Majeſty, his ſtate;
Nor to th' adoring croud vouchſafes regard,
Tho' prieſts adore, and ev'ry prieſt a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threſhold the fell mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feaſt my mute-imploring eye,
With ſome proud Lord, that ſmiles a gracious lie!

29. *Amus'd perhaps with* C——'s *proliſic bum.*] This alludes to a phænomenon, not more ſtrange than true. The perſon here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as ſeveral phyſicians and fellows of the r-y—l ſ-ci-ty can atteſt; one of whom (we hear) has undertaken the incubation, and will (no doubt) favour the world with an account of his ſucceſs. Some virtuoſi affirm, that ſuch productions muſt be the effect of a certain intercourſe of organs, not fit to be named.

30. *Tranſports of a drum*;] This is a riotous aſſembly of faſhionable people, of both ſexes, at a private houſe, conſiſting of ſome hundreds; not unaptly ſtiled a drum, from the noiſe and emptineſs of the Entertainment. There are alſo drum-major, rout, tempeſt and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the ſignificant name of each declares.

A Lie that captivates my heedleſs youth;
(Abſorpt at once my talents and my truth),
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyleſs day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
'Till ſcandal, indigence, and ſcorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varniſh'd ruffians of the ſtate!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
That while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he fall, attempt th' avenging blow!
A ſteady blow! his languid ſoul to feaſt;
And rid his country of one curſe at leaſt!

Fr. What! turn aſſaſſin?

P. Let th' aſſaſſin bleed:
My fearleſs verſe ſhall juſtify the deed.
'Tis he, that lures th' unpractis'd mind aſtray,
Then leaves the wretch to miſery, a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue juſt begun,
And ſtabs the publick in its ruin'd ſon.

Fr. Heav'ns how you rail! the man's conſum'd by ſpite!
If *Lockman*'s fate attends you, when you write;

Let

64. L--km-n's *fate*] To be little read, and leſs approv'd.

Let prudence more propitious arts inſpire:
The lower ſtill you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry ſupple virtue ſtor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my Lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And miniſter to him that ſerves a ſlave:
Be ſure you faſten on promotion's ſcale;
Ev'n if you ſeize ſome footman by the tail:
Th' aſcent is eaſy, and the proſpect clear,
From the ſmirch'd ſcullion to th' embroider'd Peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, poſtilion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature ſtrung his ſinewy frame,
The ſlave (perhaps) of ſome inſatiate dame;
But if exempted from th' *Herculean* toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with ſpoil;
There ſhall he ſhine, with ming'ling honours bright,
His maſter's pathic, pimp, and paraſite;
Then ſtrut a Captain, if his wiſh be war,
And graſp in hope, a truncheon and a ſtar:
Or if the ſweets of peace his ſoul allure,
Baſk at his eaſe in ſome boon ſinecure;

His

His fate in conſul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or croſs the ſeas, an envoy's ſecretary:
Compos'd of falſhood, ignorance, and pride,
A proſtrate ſycophant ſhall riſe a *Loyd:*
And won from kennels to th' impure imbrace,
Accompliſh'd *Warren* triumphs o'er diſgrace.

P. Eternal infamy his name ſurround,
Who planted firſt that vice on *Britiſh* ground!
A vice that 'ſpite of ſenſe and nature reigns,
And poiſons genial love, and manhood ſtains!
Pollio! the pride of ſcience and its ſhame,
The muſe weeps o'er thee, while ſhe brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that proſtituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted dome!
Who ſtarts to find the ſpurious paſſion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the Caitif's brow
Obſcene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, luſt, oppreſſion, perjury?

Let

90. *A proſtrate ſycophant ſhall riſe a* L--yd:] This child of dirt, (to uſe a great author's expreſſion), without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of inſulting his betters, every day.

92. *Accompliſh'd* W-rr-n] Another ſon of fortune, that owes his preſent affluence to the moſt infamous qualifications.

Let *Chardin* with a chaplet round his head,
The taſte of *Maro* and *Anacreon* plead;
" Sir, *Flaccus* knew to live as well as write,
" And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white.
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
That rivals *Horace* only in his ſhame!
Let *Iſis* wail in murmurs, as ſhe runs,
Her tempting fathers and her yielding ſons;
While Dullneſs ſcreens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one ſliding Rabbi in the lurch:
Such be the fate of *Fenton*, *Shelly*, *Cope*;
For ſwiniſh bliſs the filthy jakes to grope;
Far other raptures let the breaſt contain,
Where heaven-born taſte and emulation reign.
Fr. Shall not a thouſand virtues, then, atone
In thy ſtrict ſenſure for the breach of one?

105. *Let* Ch-rd-n *with a chaplet round his head,*] This genial Knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two roſy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his gueſts.

111. *Let* Iſis *wail in murmurs as ſhe runs*, &c.] In alluſion to the unnatural Orgies ſaid to be ſolemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater ſanctity of morals and taſte might be expected.

112 *While dullneſs ſcreens*, &c.] This is a decent and parental office, in which dullneſs is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that inſtance of filial piety, which we meet with in the ſon of *Noah*, who went backward, to cover the nakedneſs of his father, when he lay expoſed: from the ſcoffs and inſults of a malicious world.

115. *Such be the fate of* F-nt-n, Sh--y, C--pe;] Three courtly Knights, great admirers of that taſte which the *Greeks* ſtiled, Παιδεραστια.

If *Bubo* keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And tho' no mortal credits *Curio*'s word,
A ſcore of laquies fatten at his board:
To Chriſtian meekneſs ſacrifice thy ſpleen,
And ſtrive thy neighbour's weakneſſes to ſcreen.

P. Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
That wounds a brother weeping o'er his ſhame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aſide,
Th' indignant muſe to Virtue's aid ſhall riſe,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footſteps echo thro' his hall;
And on high Columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of *Greece* and *Rome*:
What tho' whole Hecatombs his *Crew* regale,
And each *Dependant* ſlumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through Mouths unnumber'd paſt,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at laſt:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of ſoul,
Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole?

Theſe ſons of ſloth that by profuſion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive;
And numbers pine in ſolitary woe,
That furniſh'd out this phantaſie of ſhew.
When ſilent miſery aſſail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing boſom ſympathize?
Or his extenſive charity, pervade
To thoſe that languiſh in the barren ſhade,
Where oft by want and modeſty ſuppreſs'd,
The bootleſs talent warms the lonely breaſt?
No! petrify'd by dulneſs and diſdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain;
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd boſom felt the ſocial ſigh!

Fr. Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

P. Sooner, in hopeleſs anguiſh would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I ſcorn!---
What new Reſourſe?

Fr. A thouſand yet remain,
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:

Theſe

Theſe arts, --are they beneath --beyond thy care?
Devote thy ſtudies to th' auſpicious Fair:
Of truth diveſted, let thy tongue ſupply
The hinted ſlander, and the whiſper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depreſs,
Save thoſe that grace th' excelling patroneſs;
On others' follies, trophies to her raiſe,
And heard with joy, by defamation praiſe:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of ſly grimace;
Let the grave ſneer ſarcaſtic ſpeak thee ſhrewd,
The ſmutty joke ridiculouſly lewd;
And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive ſallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the ſacred liſt,
Soon ſhalt thou ſharp in company, at whiſt;
Her mid-night rites and revels regulate,
Prieſt of her love, and Dæmon of her hate.

P. But

180. *Her mid-night rites*, &c.] Theſe are myſteries perform'd like thoſe of the goddeſs *Bona*, by females only; conſequently it cannot be expected, that we ſhould here explain them: We have, notwithſtanding, found means to learn ſome anecdotes concerning them, which we ſhall reſerve for another opportunity.

P. But ſay, what recompence, for all this waſte
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taſte?
To ſhine confeſs'd, her Zany and her fool,
And fall by what I roſe, low ridicule?
Again ſhall *Handel* raiſe his laurel'd brow,
Again ſhall harmony with rapture glow!
The ſpells diſolve, the combination breaks,
And rival Punch no more in terror ſqueaks.
Lo, *Ruſſel* falls a ſacrifice to whim,
And ſtarts amaz'd in *Newgate* from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And ſees their favour like a viſion fade!
Is this, ye faithleſs *Syrens!*---this the joy
To which, your ſmiles th'unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and ſhackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled fleſh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, diſtraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman Hags! your Minion lye!

190. *Lo*, R-ſſ-l *falls*, &c.] The perſon here meant, by the qualifications above deſcribed, had inſinuated himſelf into the confidence of certain Ladies of Quality, who engaged him to ſet up a puppet-ſhew, in oppoſition to the oratorio's of *H--d-l*, againſt whom they were unreaſonably prejudiced. But the town not ſeconding the capricious undertaking, they deſerted their manager whom they had promiſed to ſupport, and let him ſink under the expence they had entailed upon him: He was accordingly thrown into priſon, where his diſappointment got the better of his reaſon, and he remain'd in all the extaſy of deſpair; till at laſt, his generous patroneſſes, after much ſollicitation, were prevailed upon, to collect five pounds, on the payment of which, he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continues ſtill happily bereft of his underſtanding.

Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you ſeduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
Rather in garret pent, ſecure from dun,
The town with rapes and murders let me ſtunn:
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And ſnarl like *Guthrie* for the publick weal;
Than crawl an Inſect, in a *Beldame*'s power,
And dread the cruſh of caprice ev'ry hour!

Fr. 'Tis well;---enjoy that petulance of ſtile,
And, like an evious adder, lick the file:
What 'tho' ſucceſs will not attend on all?
Who bravely dares, muſt ſometimes riſk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune ſpread;
Each weakneſs, vice and folly yields thee bread;
Wouldſt thou with prudent condeſcenſion ſtrive
On the long ſettled terms of life to thrive.

P. What! join the Crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and perſecute my brother:
Turn uſurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood,
Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

Fr. Or

202. *Rather in garret*, &c.] Theſe are the dreams and fictions of *Grubſtreet*, with which the good people of this metropolis, are daily alarmed and entertained.

205. *Snarl like* G-th-ie, &c.] A political writer noted for gall.

209. *And, like an envious adder, lick the file*:] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unſucceſsful efforts of malice and envy.

Fr. Or if thy ſoul can brook the gilded curſe,
Some changeling heireſs ſteal---
P. Why not a purſe?
Two things I dread, my conſcience and the law.
Fr. How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that is fatal right or wrong,
'Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
And what is conſcience, but a fiend of ſtrife,
That chills the joys, and damps the ſchemes of life?
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peeviſh dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breaſt
Of him that entertains th'ungrateful gueſt!
P. Hail, ſacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair ſource of mental peace, what e'er betide;
Safe in thy ſhelter, let diſaſter roll
Eternal hurricanes around my ſoul;
My ſoul ſerene, amidſt the ſtorms ſhall reign,
And ſmile to ſee their fury ſpent in vain!

Fr. Too

221. *Some changeling heireſs ſteal*] Why changeling? --- becauſe no woman of common ſenſe, can be ſuppoſed capable of ſacrificing her fortune and reputation to a paſſion for a common ſharper, the true character of all fortune-hunters.

224. *A mumbling bear without a claw?*] Conſequently a very inoffenſive adverſary.

Fr. Too coy to flatter, and too proud to ſerve,
Thine be the joyleſs dignity to ſtarve.

P. No;---thanks to diſcord, war ſhall be my friend;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming ſquadron of the foe,
And win renown by ſome diſtinguiſh'd blow.

Fr. Renown! ay, do---unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, ſay, 'twixt him that bravely ſtood,
And him that ſought the boſom of the wood?
Invenom'd calumny the Firſt ſhall brand,
The Laſt enjoy a ribbon and command.

P. If ſuch be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' unhoſpitable ſhore.

247. *What difference, ſay, 'twixt him that bravely ſtood,*
248. *And him that ſought the boſom of the wood?*] ——This laſt line relates to the behaviour of a General on a certain occaſion, who diſcovered an extreme paſſion for the cool ſhade during the heat of the day.

FINIS.